

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Dow Langford Experiences Some Close Calls While Building Roads In France.

France, Dec. 17, '18.
Dear Father and Mother:
I will write again, as I have plenty of time. I haven't heard from you in several days, but you are well. I am feeling fine.

I am at the same place I was a month ago, but expect to move in a few days, and I hope we will move towards home.

I don't think I have told you anything about my experience at fronts, and I will now endeavor to give a brief sketch of it.

I spent no time in the trenches and no real fighting to do, but, never-the-less, I experienced some hard times and had several narrow calls. My job was going in advance of the artillery and clearing the way, building roads and bridges, so the artillery could advance. Our course, real often, was through a country full of shell holes, and it was some job to build the roads. Real often we would no more than get a shell hole filled, when another shell would near and tear up another hole near, and sometimes the road would have to be gone over and damage repaired. At times the German shells would come so close and thick, that we were forced to stop our work, and seek safety in a dugout. For four weeks we were camped near some French Seventy-five's. The Germans keep trying to get their range. Finally one evening Jerry succeeded in putting over a lot of shells that reached us. Two of our Co., was wounded, and four in another Co., were killed. I was setting in about 8 feet of one man that was wounded eating my supper. I got my mess kit filled with dirt, and my supper was ruined. That was the worst for me, as it was stew, and when a soldier is hungry he don't like to have his stew spoiled (Ha! ha!)

You can't imagine, nor neither can I explain, how I felt when I was up near the front lines. Big guns were firing continuously, and shells were bursting all around me. Sometimes I would think I never would see home again. I have been lucky all the way through, for which I am thankful.

We have been having battalion review. We have had three or four of these. We don't mind them, but the long hikes we do. The longest time I hiked, was all night through a drenching rain. You bet our packs got heavy. Several of our men fell out, but I stayed with them.

I helped in two drives, and they were long. Argonne and Mahiel were the two.

The weather here has been cold for several days and the ground is frozen. We are billeted in barns and stables, and sleep comfortable, as we have three heavy blankets over us.

I didn't write much, while up at the front, but heard from regular. I haven't seen any of boys from home yet, but I may see some of them before I get back to the States.

I don't know when I will get home, but hope will be in a few weeks. We think when we leave this place, we will home-bound. We will sure be a happy bunch when we do get started home.

Daw Langford,
Co. A., 53 Pioneer
Inf., Am. E. F.

Wirt Hughes Continues To Enjoy Army Life--Expects To Be Home By Easter.

The many friends of Wirt T. Hughes will be glad to learn that he is well, and expects to be home by Easter. The following is an excerpt of a letter received from him dated Nov. 29, 1918.

"I am enjoying myself just fine, and think I will be back, in the good old U. S. A. before very long. I am sure glad the war is over, but glad too, that I had some part in it. The trip over here is good for a fellow, but the fighting is not quite so good.

"I am out of France now, and in Luxemburg, located in a small town called Reistorf. Don't think we will be long. This country was neutral during the war. We are in two kilometers of the German border. We had to cross two countries, Belgium and Luxemburg, before we reached this place. We left a short time after the armistice was signed, and hiked about one week before we arrived here. It was a long hike, but we reached here in good shape. The Germans evacuated all the territory we passed over. Most of the time we were just a day behind the Germans, but at one town we caught up with them, and had to wait until they got out.

"I think I will be home by Easter, if nothing happens. Give everybody my best wishes and tell them we didn't get the Kaiser, as had left home before we reached here. He took a crazy notion to run, and nothing stopped him before he reached Holland, where he now is living."

Wirt T. Hughes,
78 Co., 6th Regt.,
U. S. M. C.

Redeem Your 1918 W. S. S. Pledges.

The Department advises that persons purchasing the 1919 issue of War Savings Stamps may receive credit for same on their Pledge for 1918. Therefore, we suggest you let this fact be known to your delinquent pledgers in order that they may discharge their obligation to the Government by redeeming their 1918 Pledge Card. You can also call their attention to the fact that the War Saving Stamps, if bought in the month of January, cost only \$4.12.

Thanking you for your co-operation, we are

Very truly yours,
J. W. Bishop,
State Director,
War Savings Organization

FOR SALE—Pair mare mules, eight year old, 15 hands high, decidedly the best work mules to their size in the county, good condition, sound and hearty. See me at once if you want 'em. Riddle Young, Gainesboro.

FOR SALE—Pair good work mules 7 year old, and 5 head, coming 3 year old. Also, farming implements, consisting of 2 disc harrows, 3 turning plows, cultivator and corn drill. About 500 bales meadow hay. All the above mentioned, can be seen on the J. B. Dudley farm in Free State. These implements are practically new. See me at once for particular.

R. S. Dudley, Gainesboro.

JACKSON COUNTY HEROES "WITH THE COLORS"

JIM DRAPER ARRIVES IN GENOA, ITALY. GIVES INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THAT ANCIENT CITY.

U. S. S. Quincy,
Genoa, Italy,
Dec. 4, 1918.

Dear Sister:

At last, we are in the "City of Palaces, Genoa, the Superb," and all that. We arrived four days ago, after thirty-one days at sea, the quietest, and altogether, the most pleasant sea voyage I have had, thanks to the Armistice, news of which reached up twelve days out from Galveston, off the Bermudas, but I believe I mentioned that in a letter to some of the others.

I can safely say that Genoa is the most remarkable place I've seen. Bordeaux is old and unique, but this town has it beaten to a frazzle. As you approach it from the sea, it looks like a thousand martin boxes perched precariously upon a steep hillside, but as you come nearer, it looks better and better, until, when you are in the harbor, you can that it is, indeed, a city of palaces. It is impossible with my puny vocabulary to give you much of an idea as to how it looks, but I'll give you a few of my impressions of it, and you can draw your own conclusions and judge accordingly.

We approached the town at sunrise on the morning of December 1st, and it made a sight which one cannot easily forget. The mountains rise up around all sides of it, except one, which faces the sea, and at this time of the year, the higher ones are capped with snow. Down here in the city, however, the weather is quite comfortable, the thermometer averaging around fifty or fifty-five. Palms and figs are growing, and in a way, one is reminded of New Orleans.

The streets, with exceptions, are very narrow, in fact, the narrowest I have seen anywhere. A big man can reach across some of them, with arms outstretched, and when you consider that lots of the houses are eight and nine stories high, you have the feeling that you are down in a well, or a crack in the earth. Most of the narrow streets are very poorly lighted, and it is gloomy in them, even in the daytime. You prowl around thru them, having no idea where you are, or where you are going, or in what direction. Every one of them is literally swarming with cats, brats, goats, jackasses, beggars, pigeons, dogs and dirt. Most of the humans are selling something, anything from goat's milk to cabbages and safety pins, and the rest are begging. The kids lie around in the streets and you have to walk over them, or on them. The kittens and pups and goats are scampering hither and thither, and are about the only health looking critters one sees. They look considerably better fed than the men and women, and really are, I guess.

The houses are great deal higher than any we saw in France. The highest building I saw in Bordeaux was only five stories, but I have several here of nine and ten, and the majority are over six. There's not a half a dozen elevators in the city, apparently, and they are only in the office buildings. How would you like to climb ten flights of

stairs to go to roost? Every house is made of stone and of every color under the sun, from a dull pink or green to a dirty white or brindle cow hue. Others are somewhat on the order of an old gray cat in color, and these are the oldest.

On all the principal streets, the side-walks, which are usually very narrow, are arched over, with the light coming in from one side only, and you feel like you are in a tunnel. Some of the blocks are three or four times as long as ours, and others are not half as long. The city is not laid off with any attempt at regularity, but the streets run in every direction, making it very easy to get tangled up as regards directions. Most everybody walks in the streets, and the majority of them carry a load one thing or other. You will see an old woman (it seems they do most of the work here) plowing through the streets, with a load on her head down, looking at the street, with a load on her back big enough for a donkey. She steers a straight course, and whoever doesn't want to give ganway has to stand by for a ram, and get cussed for his pains. The cussing doesn't bother, much, because you don't understand it anyway.

There are a great many things worth seeing here, but by far the greatest sight is the cemetery, which will accommodate (they say) two hundred thousands bodies, it having been enlarged from time to time. When one dies here, they don't plant him, as do, but stow him in a vault. These vaults are in the floor in the corridors in the cemetery. They are under marble slabs of uniform size, shaped like a coffin, and the public walks over them, while the tombstones (all headstones, there is no footstones) are on either side of you. The bodies are placed in the vaults feet to feet, each corridor being just wide enough for two persons, lying lengthwise. The headstones are all masterpieces of art, and sculptured by the greatest sculptors of Italy, such as Angelo, Fabiani, Bianca, etc., and are beautiful beyond description. The vaults are covered over with a solid marble arcade some forty feet high, which forms a corridor, giving it a steamboat cabin effect, with a cabin half a mile long. There are miles of these passages, and since no two pieces of statuary are alike, you never get through admiring them. Some are made of black marble, but generally, they are of white marble, and look brand new, although they are very old. I have spent one afternoon there, but intend to put in two or three more later on. We shall be here two months, I think, and there are a hundred other things of interest in the vicinity.

The town is full of churches, and they are always very well kept, and full of priests. There is enough gold in some of them to ransom an empire, and yet the people outside are starving nearly to death. An old priest, with a funny looking hat and gown and slippers will show you all through the places for a few pennies.

One of the most interesting places in Genoa, is the St. Lor-

enzo Cathedral. It is most magnificently furnished inside, and has enough interesting relics for half a dozen churches. There are a number of paintings on the walls, including the original of the Last Supper, and another of Christ painted by St. Luke himself, according to the priest. These are priceless, of course. Most of the pictures are decorated with gold bejewelled devices, which they said were presented to the church by some wealthy admirer of that particular picture. These devices are as large as a saucer, and in some cases, as large as a dinner plate, and must have cost a fortune.

It is history (local) that this church was a Jewish synagogue before the Savor was born, but has been a Cathedral since the third century A. D. It also has additions which were added during the ninth and eleventh centuries.

The most interesting place in the church is the chapel where rest the ashes of John the Baptist, together with the chain with which he was bound before his execution. No woman is allowed to enter here, except on one day of the year only (I forgot which) because a woman was responsible for his death. A fellow tells me that he saw another set of ashes, reputed to be of John the Baptist, in Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, and if that is the case, one of them is a fake; but we like to believe that these here are genuine.

Yesterday, in company with a shipment, I visited the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, only two blocks from the Y. M. C. A. It is an old ramshackle brick structure that looks to be a million years old, instead of five or six hundred, and is about as upretentious a place as one could wish for. Over the door is an inscription in Latin, telling us that this was the home of his father, and where Columbus spent his early boyhood. I took a snapshot of it and will send you a print sometime, as soon as I can find time to finish it. I hate to trust it to those wops.

Just now, we are awaiting permission to visit Rome. There is an order forbidding our traveling on the railroad here, but our Captain has written to Rome and requested permission for this ship's company to visit the "Eternal City." Switzerland is only a little over a hundred miles from here, and Venice is not much farther. Nice is within a hundred and fifty, and the Riviera is less than that. I don't expect to see them all, however.

We get mail over here, or will be getting it by Christmas, and probably until February.

With Love,

Jim.

(In next week's issue Jim will tell of more interesting things he has seen in an around Genoa, and the experience of some of his shipmates. The letters will continue three or four weeks, and they all will be intensely interesting.)

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The David Loftis town property, consisting of dwelling, barn and the best garden spot in town. Good well water. Good location. For further particulars, call or see Dr. H. P. Loftis, Gainesboro.

FARMERS—When you have anything you desire to sell, run an advertisement in the Sentinel. It won't cost you but little, and will save you trouble of hunting a buyer. Remember, the Sentinel is read by thousands each week.

Things of Interest for Progressive Farmers in Jackson County.

The recent International sale of Shorthorn cattle was the most notable one of that breed in forty years, the average price being \$2307. The two best bulls were purchased by Tennesseans for use in Tennessee herds.

William Hartnett imported both of these bulls last summer. One of these, which Mr. Hartnett considered the best bull he could buy in Britain, was purchased by A. R. Swann of Jefferson County. This bull is a splendid individual. Mr. Hartnett was offered \$5,000 by a British breeder for the service of the bull for sixty days. The purchase price in Scotland, plus the cost of importation, amounted to more than \$16,000. On account of his being out of condition he was purchased at the sale for \$10,100.

The other bull, imported by Mr. Hartnett in June, was Lord Rhybon, grand champion Shorthorn bull of the International livestock Exposition. He was purchased by Lespedeza form in Hardeman County. The price was \$15,000.

More tractors have been purchased in Tennessee during the year than ever before, and, in general, they are giving satisfaction. Heretofore there have been a number of failures due to the fact that too small tractors have been purchased or the farms were too hilly and fields too small and irregular. Very often the trouble has been due to the fact that the operator did not understand the machine or not did follow the instructions of the manufacturer.

Where conditions are favorable farm work can be done more efficiently with a tractor, but of course the tractor will not take the place of all the horse power on the farm.

Patriotism inspired many a Tennessean to sow his first small grains, especially wheat; it caused others to greatly increase their acreage. More wheat did "help win the war;" it is needed now as much as ever to relieve broken nations and make them free. It is a piece of patriotic work to continue and to be proud of.

Did it help the farm? would it be wise to make a habit of sowing as much small grain as we did in the fall of 1918 or even increase it? Would it help the soil, the handling of labor and the livestock of the farm?

The answer is, "Yes," especially if one lives in middle Tennessee, on the Highland Rim or in the cotton section of West Tennessee.

Can you think of a single change in the cropping system that would bring quicker benefits to the farm than this one the war has begun—more small grain, more land covered in winter, less washing, better opportunity to sow grass and clovers, more pastures and more livestock, preserved and increased soil fertility, a distribution of the work of the work of the farm thruout the year. These things are not possible without winter grains, not wheat, then rye, oats or barley.

IT PAYS to advertise. Try the Sentinel and be convinced.